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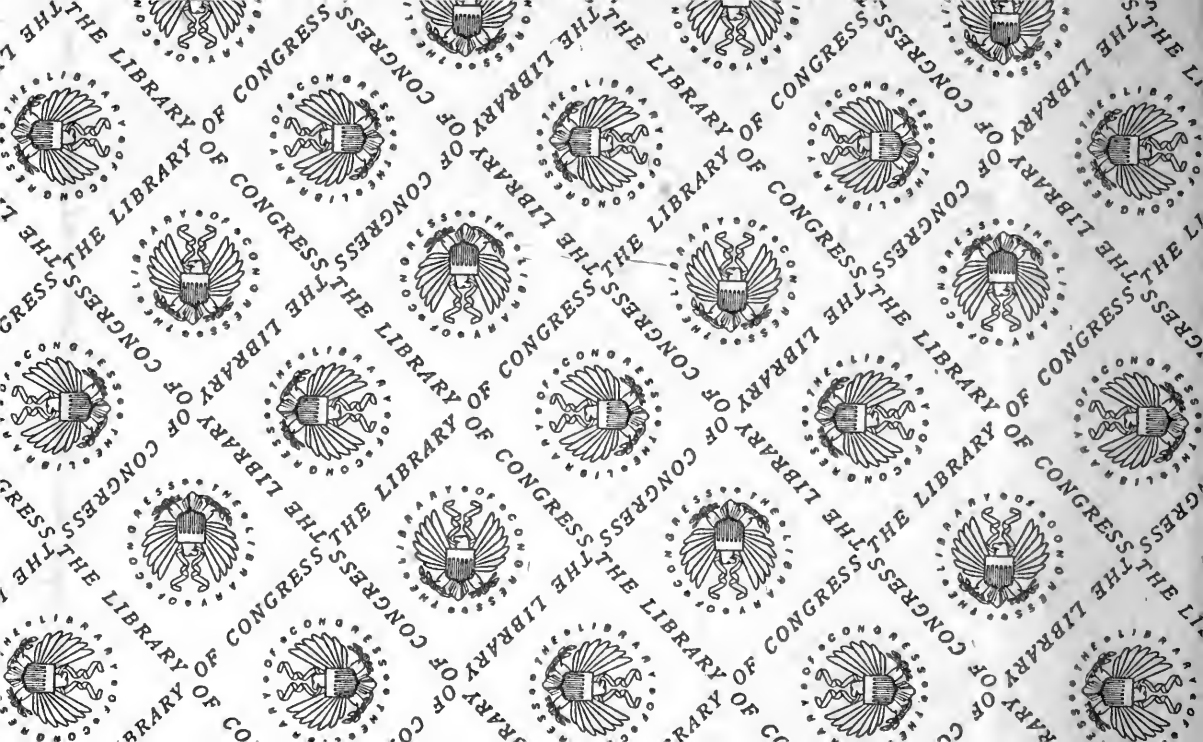
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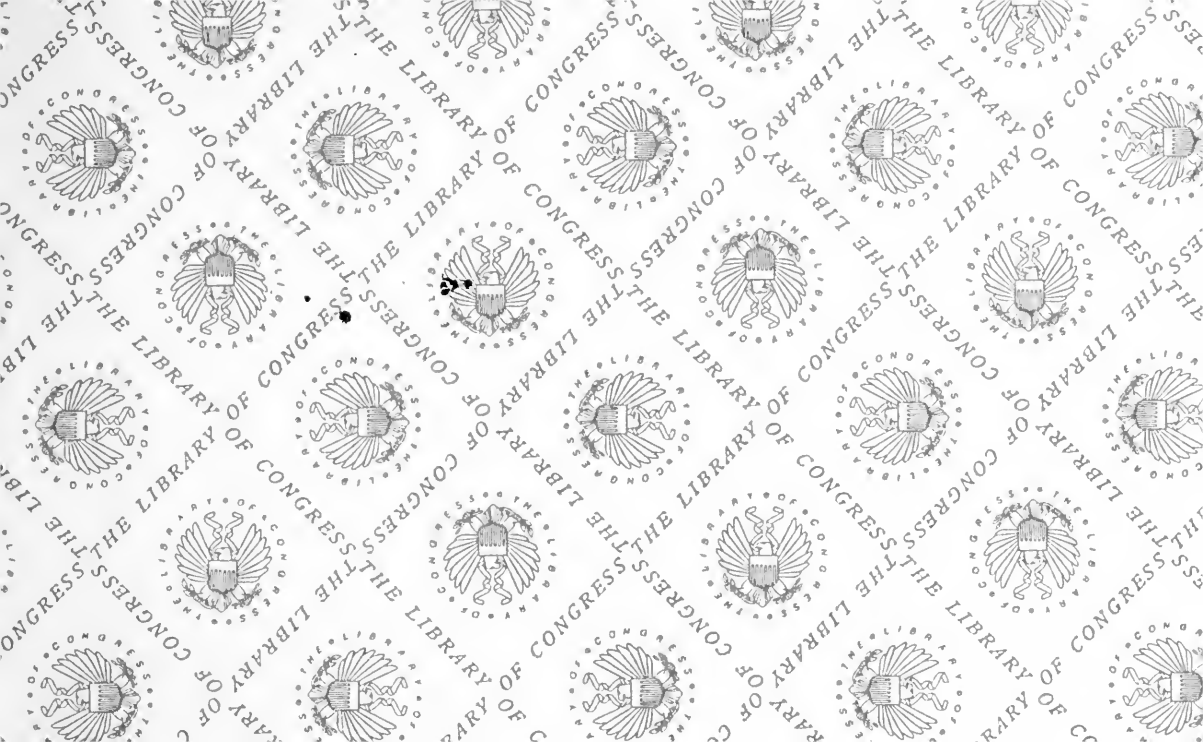
1887

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# MIDSUMMER

BY

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

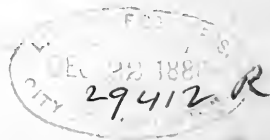
ILLUSTRATED BY

T. V. CHOMINSKI

BOSTON

SAMUEL E. CASSINO

1887



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# SUMMER.



Around this lovely valley rise  
The purple hills of Paradise.  
O, softly on yon banks of haze  
Her rosy face the summer lays!







Summer.

Around this lovely valley rise  
The purple hills of Paradise  
O, softly on yon banks of haze  
Her rosy pale the summer  
lays!



Becalmed along the azure sky  
The argosies of cloudland lie,  
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,  
Far-off their pearl-white peaks uplift.





©  
Be calmed along the azure sky  
THE argosies of cloudland lie,  
Whose shores, with many a shining  
Far-off their pearl-white peaks  
© uplift -



Through all the long midsummer day  
The meadow sides are sweet with hay.







⊙  
Through all the long midsummer  
THE meadow sides are sweet<sup>day</sup> with  
⊙ hay.



I seek the coolest sheltered seat,  
Just where the field and forest meet, —  
Where grow the pine trees tall and bland,  
The ancient oaks austere and grand,  
And fringy roots and pebbles fret  
The ripples of the rivulet.





©  
I seek the coolest sheltered  
Just where the field and <sup>seat</sup> forest meet,  
Where grow the pine trees tall  
and bland,  
The ancient oaks austere and grand,  
And fringing roots and pebbles fret  
The ripples of the rivulet,  
©



I watch the mowers as they go  
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row.  
With even stroke their scythes they swing,  
In tune their merry whetstones ring.  
Behind, the nimble youngsters run,  
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.







Watch the mowers as they go  
 Through the tall grass, a white-  
 o sleeved row.  
 With even stroke their scythes  
 they swing,  
 In tune their merry whetstones  
 o ring.  
 Behind, the nimble youngsters run  
 And toss the thick swaths in the  
 o sun.



The cattle graze, while, warm and still,  
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,  
And bright, where summer breezes break,  
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.





○  
The cattle graze; while warm  
and still  
Slopes the broad pasture,  
○ basks the hill,  
And bright, where summer breezes  
break,  
The green wheat crinkles like  
○ a lake.



The butterfly and humble-bee  
Come to the pleasant woods with me ;  
Quickly before me runs the quail,  
Her chickens skulk behind the rail ;







©  
The butterfly and humble-bee  
Come to the pleasant  
Woods with me;  
Quickly before me runs the  
quail,  
Her chickens stalk behind  
the rail;



High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,  
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.

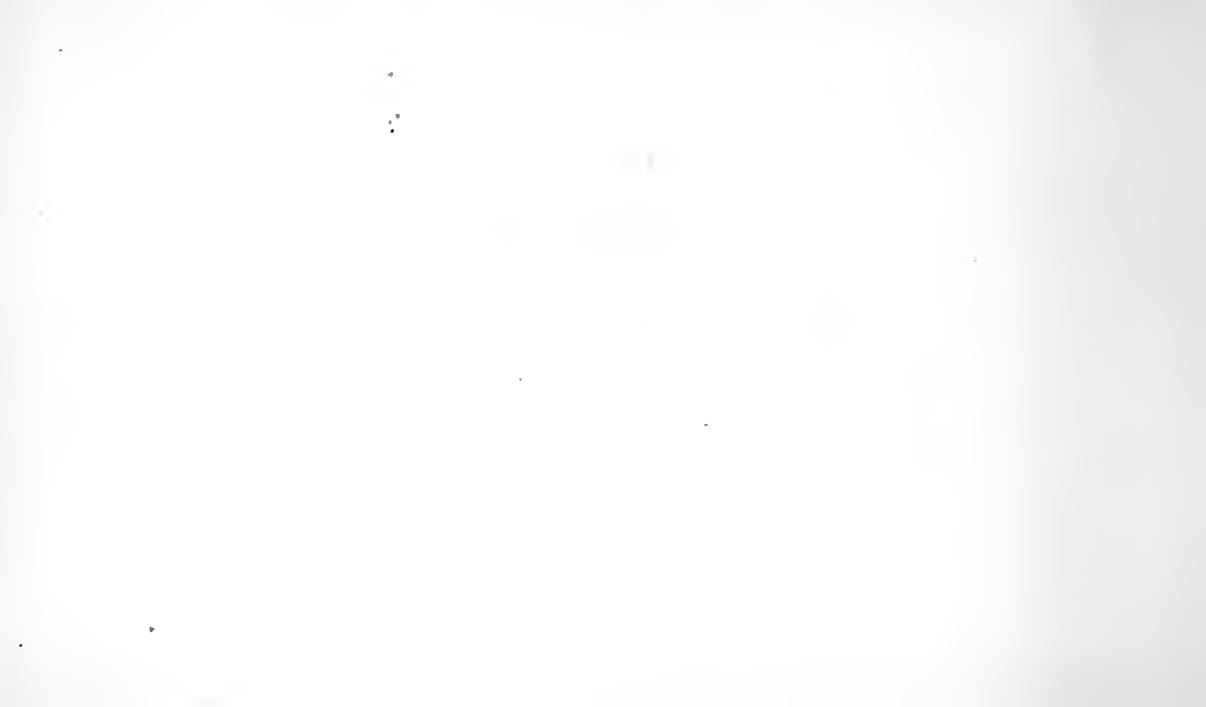




○  
High up the lone wood-pigeon  
sits,  
And the woodpecker pecks and  
flits.  
○



Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,  
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,  
The swarming insects drone and hum,  
The partridge beats his throbbing drum,  
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,  
And chatters in his leafy house.







○  
Sweet woodland music sinks  
and swells,  
The brooklet rings its  
○ tinkling bells,  
The swarming insects drone  
and hum,  
The partridge beats his throbbing  
○ drum,  
The squirrel leaps among the  
boughs,  
And chatters in his leafy house.



The oriole flashes by ; and, look !  
Into the mirror of the brook,  
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,  
Two tiny feathers fall and float.





o

The oriole flashes by; and, look!  
Into the mirror of the brook,  
Where the vain blue bird  
Trims his coat,  
Two tiny feathers fall and  
float.  
o



As silently, as tenderly,  
The down of peace descends on me.  
O, this is peace! I have no need  
Of friend to talk, of book to read:







As silently, as tenderly,  
The down of peace descends  
on me.  
O, this is peace! I have none  
Of friend to talk, of book  
to read:



A dear Companion here abides :  
Close to my thrilling heart He hides ;  
The holy silence is His Voice :  
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

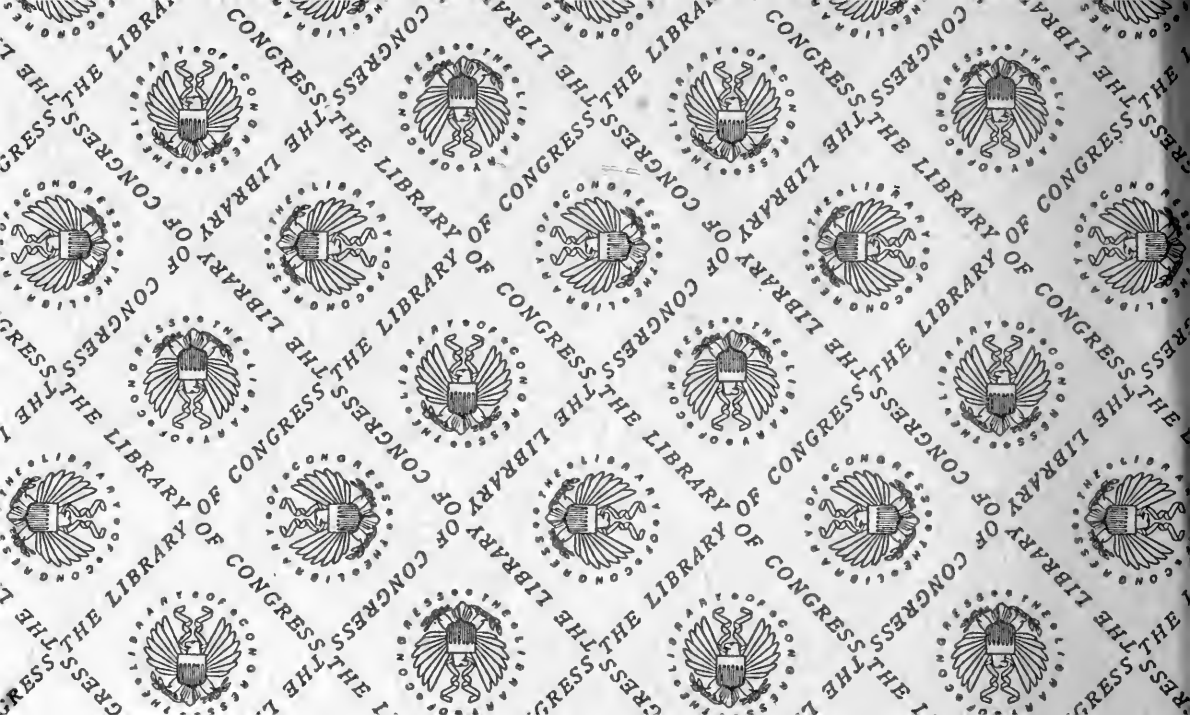
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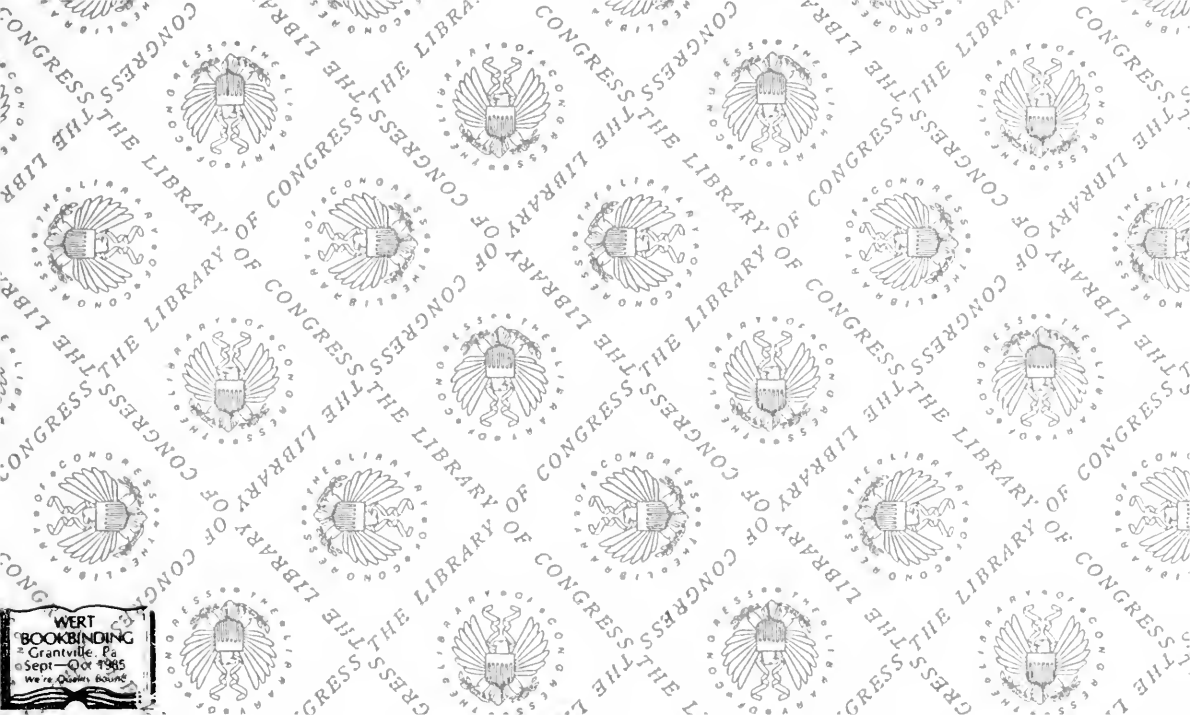
A dear Companion here  
abides;  
Close to my thrilling heart he  
hides;  
Thy holy silence is his voice;  
I lie and listen, and rejoice











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